



The GARDENER and his DOG.

ONE day a Gardener's fav'rite dog,
His master lost, and in a fog,
(How hard for poetry to tell)
Dropt plump into an open Well :
The Gardener instantly descended,
With gloomy hopes and fears attended,
Put forth his gen'rous hand, no doubt,
To help poor sinking *Towzer* out ;

The

The Dog suppos'd what he was doing,
Was instrumental to his ruin ;
(For there are, let me tell you, those
Who do allow that Dogs suppose ;)
And not considering his friend,
He bit his master's fingers end.
Nay, says the Gard'ner, if 'tis so,
Sink or swim, *Towzer*, you may go.

MORAL.

Kind offices are thrown away,
On those who understand them not ;
Whate'er you do, whate'er you say,
All obligation is forgot.

REFLECTION.

Some know not when they are well us'd,
And some are for good works abus'd.